



VOL. VIII.]

Saturday, February 25....1809.

[NO. 18.]

MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

(Continued.)

Tuesday, May 5th, 4 o'clock.

Your new appointment of secretary, my dear uncle, is likely to be a sinecure for to-day. Cordelia and her boy are just gone into the country, and mean to pass some days there; for I saw her maid pack up two clean muslin dresses and four shifts in the chaise-seat—Sempronius and his eldest son dine out: I saw the former show Edward the card of invitation, and by his pointing out a particular part of it, I conclude that he was bidding him observe the dinner-hour, and take care to be ready in time; for punctuality is not among the number of Edward's good qualities—However, he will not be too late to-day for he is dressing at this moment—A hackney-coach stops at the door—Sempronius and Edward are both gone, so you may lay down your pen, my dear uncle!

Wednesday, 5 o'clock.

To-day promises to be as barren as yesterday. Sempronius has

finished a solitary meal in his own study, and is now making a tooth-pick. It seems, he is not very skilful, for he has already spoiled two quills—and now in a pet he throws the splinters of the third to one side of the room, and the pen-knife to the other—Deuce take the peevish old fellow: I protest, his ill-temper almost makes me lose mine—I'll step up stairs and see what Edward is about.

I might as well have staid where I was; Edward is not at home.

Look!—the study-door opens—now then we shall have something interesting—Pshaw! it's only the maiden-aunt—But this is not her usual time for visiting us.... and bless my heart! what a fuss the old woman seems to be in!—She opens the door, which communicates with Cordelia's drawing-room, and looks round to see, whether the coast is clear. I protest, I can as little tell what to make of her mysterious proceedings, as her brother; who sits there with his mouth open, his eyes staring, his brows drawn together, his hands resting on his knees, and his whole body bending forwards. He is mightily puzzled!

But now we shall get a little insight into the business. The virgin has seated herself close at his elbow, and with her nose almost running into his ear—[I'm sure I pity him, poor man! I should dislike so much myself to have the old cat thus near me!]
—she opens all the sluices of her eloquence, while her arms assist her speech with all the powers of gesticulation.

Now what *can* she be chattering about? Something of consequence, that is certain—and of no pleasant import, that is equally sure: for Sempronius grows darker with every syllable—there! he was on the point of jumping up in a rage; but his tormentor grasped him by the arm, and forcing him into his chair again, insisted upon being heard to the end—still do the symptoms of repressed passion grow stronger and stronger—Now then—aye! now the lava overflows!—the man is absolutely terrific, when he is really incensed—till now I had only seen him play the Jupiter Tonans, when little domestic contrarieties had occurred to put him out of his way; but his anger was merely a gentle breeze, compared to his present emotions. His mind is now agitated by a tempest, a tornado, a sirocco burning and pestilential!—I never saw a man in such a passion before. Bless my soul! bless my soul!—what *can* the old cat have been telling him?

All of a sudden, he leaves off

prancing about the room, stalks up to his sister's chair, and standing before her, looks her full in the face!—an appeal to her conscience, no doubt; a solemn inquiry, whether all that she has been saying, is not a falsehood of her own invention—the aunt is highly offended at the question—she rises with great dignity from her seat, she stretches out her yellow arm, and is going to call Heaven to witness that..... no; no—she points to the door leading to the staircase, and a contemptuous sneer which accompanies the action, assures me, that she tells Sempronius, that there lies the way, by which he may remove all doubts—I am right—Sempronius bounces to the door—in his impatience, he cannot turn the lock; he kicks the door violently, and at length it gives way—he beckons his sister, and disappears. A prayer-book has almost forced itself out of her pocket; she stops to push it back again, and then follows her brother, with her hands placed orderly before her, and the composure of a saint! Good soul! Bless my heart! what mischief can she be about!—it is growing dusky—I declare, I have a great mind to run down into the street, and watch for their coming out: then by dodging them unobserved, who knows but I may discover at last stop! stop! I may spare myself the trouble—as I hope to live and breathe—the amiable pair are at this very moment in Edward's chamber.

Sempronius stands before his son's writing desk—it is fastened, but that matters little: the father has forced the lock—open flies every drawer, out flies every paper—surely—no deficiency in the counting-house no suspicious entry in his books. . . . oh! no: I have been too long intimate with Edward, and know his character and heart too well:—such a thing is quite impossible; besides, Sempronius finds a purse half full and throws it aside with an air of indifference. . . . ha! ha! Now I understand him! He examines the secretary—he suspects that there is a private drawer—yes; what he wishes to discover—[Ah! I could tell him, where to find them] are precisely those very things which Edward is most anxious to hide from every one. No eye has ever been suffered to see them, but his own—(and *mine*)—these are what Sempronius wishes to find. . . . Mercy upon me! He has found them! the secret spring has given way, the drawer is open! And what does it contain? First comes a thick packet of letters, carefully tied together with a ribbon, colour, sky-blue—[Have you written it down, my dear uncle? Very well!] Secondly, a nosegay, but so faded, that I cannot even guess at the flowers. Thirdly, upon my honour, nothing less than a miniature in a shagreen case! Sempronius shakes his head, and shows it to his sister; it is plain that he has never seen the original. His sister scarcely looks at it, but

shrugs up her shoulders; it is equally plain that *she* has never seen the original either, and that the object of Edward's attachment as yet is only conjectured. Yet Sempronius does not seem the less displeased, for down goes the miniature on the floor, and away flies the poor skeleton of a nosegay out of the window. Alas! alas! for Edward! the ill-natured aunt has certainly discovered, what I flattered myself was a secret only known to himself and to *mè*; and she is now determined to take ample revenge on him for having occasionally dared to be of *one* opinion, when *she* was of another.

While Sempronius is busied with the secretary, the antiquated dragon of virtue is by no means idle—she has been tossing over Edward's wardrobe; for the careless youth had left the key in the lock. Her brother is now reading the letters one after another: however, their contents seem by no means to his taste, for he seldom gets through more than half a dozen lines, before the paper bestrews the floor with a thousand pieces; yet still he proceeds to inspect the next. Hold! hold! Sempronia interrupts him! she has found a prize! But I cannot see any thing in it, which should give her so much joy. It seems to me nothing more, than a plain white dimity waistcoat, which was hanging upon the arm of a chair, unconscious of harm, and meditating no treason. Ha! but the aunt has dis-

covered an inner pocket on the left side, exactly on the place against which the heart must beat. From this Sempronius now draws forth, with a look of triumph, a ribband, ornamented with embroidery in silver. Well! I protest, I can still see no harm in the ribband—Sempronius, however, is not of the same opinion, for down go the remaining letters on the floor, while he seizes the ribband, and examines it closely—Ha! now I comprehend! the letters were not signed; there was a doubt respecting the writer; but on the ribband; the name of the giver was embroidered; though whether at length, or only the initials, I will not pretend to say. However, either has answered Miss Grimalkin's purpose, for she draws up her craggy neck half-a-yard higher; while her brother's face looks like a volcano, all black and fiery, and away fly the ribband and the waistcoat through the window into the street.

They fall exactly upon the head of a passenger, who quite surprised at this unexpected salutation, stops, and disengaging his head from the waistcoat, picks up the ribband, whose glittering ornaments—may I never speak again, if it is not Edward himself! He recognises the precious pledge of affection: but thrown into the street....? He makes but one spring to the door—ring, ring, ring, goes the bell—an old grey-headed footman opens the door—

Edward rushes in; the door closes—I see, that Sempronius and his amiable sister have heard the bell ring violently, but before they have time to conjecture the cause, Edward stands before them breathless with speed and anxiety, his cheeks burning, his eyes staring, his mouth open, and the important ribband still fluttering in his hand: his spaniel too has recognised his master's property, and has dragged the white dimity waistcoat up stairs in his mouth. Edward has got no further than the door; there he stands like a statue, as if petrified by the sight of the two arch foes of his love, while the fragments of the letters strewn on the floor leave him no doubt, that the repository of his dearest secret has been violated.

"Walk in, young gentleman & pray, walk in; we shall be very glad of your company!" cries the father: not that I hear a syllable; but nothing can be more expressive of sarcastic politeness, than the frequent bowing of his head, and the waving his hand backwards and forwards, while his lips quiver, and his eyes flame. And now he points to the miniature as a proof, which puts the case out of doubt.

And how does Edward look? like some miserable sinner, surprised *in flagranti*?—not he truly! the first thing he does, is to seize the misused picture, and press it to his heart, as if anxious to make atonement for its having been

treated so unworthily : and now he advances towards his father, slowly but firmly, and with humility but not meanness, takes his hand, and raises it affectionately to his lips.

Now if *I* were Sempronius, this submissive action would go a great way towards softening my heart : I should find it very difficult to remain quite as angry as I intended. But whether he is himself conscious of this effect, and is afraid of giving way to his own weakness—or whether he is ashamed of yielding so soon, and before a witness who would not fail to upbraid him for his folly. . . . whatever be the cause, it is certain, that Edward's humility has not produced the desired effect ; on the contrary, Sempronius seems to be more incensed than before ; and repulsing his son with violence, the sudden movement makes him strike his hand against the lips which were in the act of kissing it. Edward starts back hastily, and covers his mouth with his handkerchief ; but he endeavours in vain to conceal the blood which gushes from his bruised lips : the cambric is dyed with crimson. This sight rouses even old Grimalkin's sensibility ; she looks alarmed, and places herself between them, while she grasps her brother by the arm.

And now instead of being Sempronius, if I were Edward, I would stand boldly on the consciousness of my good intentions, and collect-

ing the whole firmness of my character, I would tell the choleric old man—"And yet in spite of this ill-usage, I will kiss in spirit with sincere affection the hand, which repulses me so unkindly. Yes, I avow it ! [and my only fault is, that I did not avow it sooner] a virtuous maiden possesses my whole heart ; I love her, and shall love her while I live. Here is her portrait ; but it is painted *here*"—[and then I'd point to my heart] "in colours never to be effaced. Perhaps you will disapprove of my attachment at first ; but only become acquainted with her merits, and I am certain of obtaining your consent. Nay ; I should be certain of it even at this moment, if instead of tearing her letters, you could but have had patience to read them through."

Now I'd wager my pocket telescope [which at this moment is invaluable] against the old Goose-quill with which you are writing, my dear uncle, that as soon as the blood would permit him to speak, Edward said these very words, or at least something very like them. He showed the miniature, he pointed to his heart, and afterwards to the letters : he clasped his hands together, and raised his eyes to Heaven, with a look of such enthusiasm, while attesting the perfections of his mistress. Upon my word, I did not give the hot-headed youth credit for so much temper and good sense.

(To be continued.)

From the Northern Budget.

Whoso findeth a Wife, findeth a good thing — *Proverbs.*

So said Solomon, the prince of gallantry ; and Solomon ought to know. The soft moments spent by the Jewish monarch in conjugal endearments and sweetest dalliance with the enchanting fair, bore testimony, no doubt, to the truth of his affection ; and when surrounded by his numerous *wives*, he had good right to conclude, that he was in possession not only of one *good thing*, but of *three hundred*.

The age of polygamy is happily past ; and on the threshold of domestic felicity, rendered doubly pleasing by the fascinating smile of her we love, have the deep-drawn prejudices and superficial maxims of barbarous oriental nations been sacrificed, and the shrine of exclusive individual affection, erected on the ruins of divided friendship. For myself, I have no hesitation in declaring, that, in my opinion, one wife, particularly a modern one, is amply sufficient for one husband ; or, in other words, one *GOOD THING* at a time is quite enough to answer all the purposes of human life.

In discussing my subject, I shall divide it into two general heads, and proceed, by way of enquiry, to ascertain—First, What is a

WIFE ?—Secondly, in what sense

she can be considered a *good thing* ?—And, lastly, shall wind up the interesting subject by a brief improvement of the whole.

First—What is a WIFE ? And here, to prevent the cavils of a censorious and malignant world, it may be necessary for the preacher to hint a truth, which the midnight curtain-lectures of many a hapless Benedict, if they could be obtained, would confirm, beyond the possibility of a doubt, viz. that wives, as well as other sublunary things, very naturally divide themselves into two prominent classes—the good and bad—or the fretful and the unfretful. But as Solomon meant to include only the better class, I shall take it for granted there was a slight omission in my text, and presume that the idea which he intended to communicate, was, that a *good WIFE* was a *good thing* in a family, and treat the matter accordingly.

A good WIFE, then, is a being selected by a benign Providence to scatter the roses of contentment, and strew the dark and serpentine paths of life with the choicest, the most fadeless flowers, and is truly the “last, best gift, of God to man.” Formed to charm, to allure, and fascinate the whole soul of an affectionate husband, she can at any time, transfuse a portion of her own spirit into his, and by the powerful magic of a smile, change in a moment the bitter draughts of his existence, to streams of the most delicious nectar. Is a selfish

race unkind ; and does the fickle goddess, Fortune, frown disdainfully on his wretched prospects ! he retires serenely from the empty bustle of mankind, and fondly pillowing his aching head on her snowy bosom, he applies his fervid lips to hers, generously glowing with hope and love, and drinks a long oblivion to his wrongs and injuries. This brings me to my second proposition, viz. in what sense she can be considered a *good thing* ?

I have already, in some measure, anticipated an answer to this question, in the preceding section of my sermon, because the two points were very nearly, not to say inseparably, connected together.

A *good wife* may be considered a *good thing*, nay, the very best of *things*, when she fills up the measure of her domestic duties, and presides with pleasure over the concerns of a thriving and prosperous family. She is the centre of that powerfully attractive system, in which revolve, with uniform motion, all the bewitching graces, all the home-born delights of refined and tranquil love. She gives a new charm, and adds an exquisite delight to all the blandishments of social life. Solitude is a stranger where she dwells ; and melancholy, pausing over his mournful story, dares not approach her consecrated mansion. Hers is the silver wand, which chases

away the demon of sorrow, and restores the sunshine of the soul. In her right hand she holds health, happiness, and dawning honours ; and in her left an inverted mirror, reflecting the loveliest objects in creation. I come now to the

IMPROVEMENT.

Stranger ! whoever thou art, who standest alone amid the storms of the world, labour incessantly, and with all thy might, to obtain that *good thing* mentioned in my text. A little wooing will answer thy purpose, and procure thee a jewel of inestimable value. Does thy heart pant for glory, and thy brow stern with the victories of battle, desire the blood-stained laurels of the conqueror ? banish the puerile dream, and let sober reason chase the delusive vision from thy soul. A *WIFE* will soften the asperity of thy temper, and smooth thy brow, clouded with sadness. She will kindly watch over thy bed of sickness, and whisper in softest accents the language of consolation to thy drooping heart. She will form thy mind to generous exertions, and make thee nobly emulous of real greatness : and when the last, faint flashes of life's expiring lamp have quivered out their little moment, her tears will moisten thy clay-cold form ; and her prayers, ascending for thy final happiness, will gently waft thy disembodied spirit to the gardens of the Paradise of God.

THE JANUARY PREACHER.

THE
NIGHT OF A BACHELOR.

"Come, gentle night,
Thou sober suited matron."

Shakspeare.

WHEN the business and brawl of the day are over, the pleasures of the man of taste and feeling begin. From the bustle of the world, he retires to the true enjoyments of his nature. The giddy and the gay he leaves to pursuits, which do not originate in sentiment, or terminate in improvement. He connects himself with infinity in his range of thought, and unites with every sentient being in the expansion of feeling. In the just exercise of his powers, he attains to the dignity, and indulges in the prerogatives of his rank.

I love thee, 'sober suited night.' In thy still hours, and sheltered by thy shades, I catch all the joys of freedom. The impulses of intellect and humanity, keep me in activity, which refreshes. My solitary retreat is Adam's Paradise, and I indulge to rapture.

Ye gay and giddy beings, who find no pleasure but in the crowd, and in the sports of the crowd who flee to the world, and its bald amusements, to escape from yourselves, listen to the biography of a stranger. Perhaps you may envy his fortune, when he boasts of pleasure. Luckily it can be obtained without money, or without price. It needs but the will to be

acquired, and its acquisition is attended with too many delights, ever to be resigned, but for the fire-side enjoyments of love.

When the shades of night have fallen, and I sit gazing at my fading embers in momentary relaxation memory wakes and busies with a thousand tales the time she steals. She talks of all the dear delights of past days, and hurries me to the fairest scenes of early life. I wander over the play place of my boyish years. I run over my task without its wonted toils, and play truant without the faithful rod. I run home again with joy, and renew the pleasures of thoughtless innocence. Domestic delights, college scenes, and all the busy parts of youth recur. Year after year rolls on, and to filial and friendly affections, succeeds a more genial glow. I remember the first time I handed my fair one a rose, and enjoy the blush that betrayed its glad acceptance. I think on, no, I feel the fascination, that then, that now bewitches me, and almost forget, that my sigh is not the full swelling of hope. My heart beats quick. I give a tear to despair, and strive to feel, that I once was happy. The vision of some confidential friend here calls up our sympathy, our emulation, and social labours. The concomitant scenes rush upon my mind. Fancy fills up the space of absence, and hope places him in the progress to happiness.

But the seclusion of night is not

sacred to the grateful visions, and dear delusions of feeling. The head must improve the advantages of solitude, and, after the toil of professional inquiry, is to be refreshed by the pages of philosophy and taste. I become the disciple of genius. Nature is wonderful, but of all her wonders, the most engaging is the mind, that develops her mysteries. While I wonder at the disclosure of her vast, her minute, her complicated machinery, I enjoy the delight of her successful investigator. Cold is the heart and robbed of half its bliss, that feels no interest in the pursuits of the spy and historian of nature. I catch him in the midst of his researches. I lean over and languish at the tardy and doubtful progress of experiment. I throb with all his anxiety, and indulge in his triumph at the discovery of new forms and new relations. I trace his cares, his schemes, his perplexities, and his results, and venerate the locks, that thought has whiened for age. From philosophy I wander into the fairy land of fancy. I mark her whole creation, which is modelled on nature without her necessities, and regulated from reason, yet without her precision. I see the scene starting in the poet's mind; I behold it expand, the actors thicken, the plot grows deep, fate hangs upon a hair, and who dares cut it? Whose heart has not beat quick? Whose eye has been dry? Who has not rushed to act in the moment of delusion, when genius has

put her spell on sense, and annihilated time and place and circumstance?

The clock strikes twelve. A grateful avocation still remains. In the bible I seek the will of my Father, his counsels, and my duties. From his word, which teaches me what I am, and his promises, which inform me what I may be, I derive a joy, which the world cannot give, nor take away. I kneel with hope and gratitude before his throne, and with confidence in his mercy, commend all my fellow-men to his holy keeping. "Our Father, who art in heaven," what thought more enlivening to the child on earth! Overshadow us with thy wings, keep us in the hollow of thy hand.

Such is the night of a rational recluse, whom fortune and inclination have made a seceder from society. And who shall deride his tranquil pleasures by comparing them with the orgies of folly and delusion, or the gay amusements of a giddy world? If the heart there throb, it is with disgust. If the eye there languish, it is at vanity. Sleep is to them but the freedom of madness, and all its dreams, the vagaries of a frantic fancy. Soft is the pillow to my head. The slumber, earned by toil, is quiet; and, if a vision steals through my mind, it seems a visit from some kind angel, to cheer me for a well closed day.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MODERN REFINEMENT.

THE following extract is so apposite to the fashionable circles of the present day, and so consonant with the sentiments and opinions of the usefully industrious and considerate part of society, that I cannot forbear to transcribe and communicate it for the benefit of the readers of your paper. When school-boys, we have unfeelingly written over and over the trite declaration, "*sincerity is a rarity*:" but sorrowful experience is now daily teaching its reality. Refined hypocrisy is become a succedaneum for old fashioned sincerity, and the exchanges of courtesy are palpably counterfeit.

We assume the title of friends; and, as an appendage, exercise the privilege of being merry at their expence! What a repugnance between professing and feeling, and what a diminution of enjoyment do we all sustain by the practice of dissimulation.

"The present age has refined us out of half our honest feelings, and a great part of our natural taste; and our pride seems to consist in tricking the worn out frame

of science and genius, with such meretricious arts as serve to sophisticate the shattered relics of female beauty. It is pleasant to one who has not gone along with the stream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous excesses to which the spirit of refinement is pushed in the little concerns of social life, as well as in the duties of morality and the objects of taste. In social life, by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather mockery of the social affections; it has in a manner, hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat, with the purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse; what vanity of compliments, what affectation of transport! what hollowness of profession! what a waste of margin in every remark! what a length of straw to every grain of sense! what idle industry! what manoeuvre without plan! mirth without meaning! play without point! pride without pretension! love without regard!

"Friendship is so modulated

and adjusted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the card table an ample medium for all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling, and the energies of passion, the swell of humanity, and the ardours of affection, have subsided to the common surface of life, and settled into the smooth current of ordinary intercourse and every-day-topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very sinews of society are relaxed; and, in the progress of our debilitation, we may expect to see the time when those great actions which decorate our history, shall be without a name in our language, or a place in our hearts."

Nor. Led.

LAW AND MATRIMONY.

*Rutland (Vt.) County Court,
Nov. Term, 1808.*

SILOMA WOOD, } In this case,
vs. } founded upon
ALBRO ANTHONY. } the promise
of the defendant to intermarry with
the plaintiff, and his refusal to perform, it appeared in evidence, that
the defendant, about nine years
since, paid his visits to the plaintiff, an orphan child, and continued
them until recently, saving only
suspension, by agreement of the
parties, with the view to procure
the consent of defendant's parents;
that the defendant had written to
the plaintiff sundry epistles in the
style of affection, and had employed
some of the neighbours to pro-

cure consent of his parents. These
parents remained inflexible, and
from disapproved love, a babe
sprung to life, which wept for the
unchanged name of its mother.
The plaintiff claims for her damages, one thousand dollars. From
the conduct of the parties, strong
evidence of the mutual intention
and promise of marriage is made
to the jury.

The Chief Judge charged the
jury upon the law and the fact, in a
manner most impressive of his own
sensitivity. The tear which trembled
in his eye, and the often faltering
tongue, were no doubtful
heralds of his heart. Nature spoke
with eloquence, which could not
fail to command; and, while others
were hung in mute attention
by the commingled force of indignation
and of generous sympathy,
the forbidding parent, present in
court, felt a dagger in his heart.
Conscience took the alarm, and
trembled like the needle to its
point. When the jury had retired,
the Chief Judge, disdaining the
little delicacies of false greatness,
left his bench, and was sought by
the parent, who requested the honorable
Judge to see the parties,
and name to them his consent.
The jury soon returned with a verdict;
the court refused to receive it,
and directed the foreman to keep it
sealed until the morrow. In the evening
Judge Clark, having received the
consent of the parent, and provision
from him for the future happiness of
the parties,

married them. The next morning spreads its beams upon a smiling village, and the suit is abated for want of legal parties.

May the beams of Heaven long delight to shine upon the mansion of wedded love; and may man feel that it is impious and feeble to attempt to blot from the chancery of Heaven, affections there registered by an Almighty hand.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

A few evenings ago, as a lady was crossing the five Fields, Chelsea, she was overtaken by two men, who appeared to have some design upon her. They sometimes walked before and sometimes behind her, and from their manner and appearances, the lady could not avoid feeling the most alarming apprehensions. As the lady was expecting to have her money demanded, she fortunately discovered a gentleman at a distance, when summoning all her resolution, she betook herself to flight, and almost breathless, implored the gentleman's protection, intimating to him, that she believed the two men she had escaped from were thieves and intended to rob her. The gentleman desired her to dispel her fears, and undertook to escort her safely home. When the lady came near her own door, she returned the gentleman a thousand acknowledgements for the service he had rendered her, and among other things, asked the

gentleman if it would be agreeable to him to walk in and take any refreshment. Madam, said the gentleman, I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, but cannot accept your polite invitation; and, to be candid with you, the reason is this: the two men you saw in the fields just now, and from whom I delivered you, are thieves, and my particular friends; they are now waiting for me, and cursing me heartily for making them stay. I can assure you we certainly intended to rob you—but when you put yourself under my protection, I could not madam, in honor suffer any thing to happen you, but if you really wish to be grateful, pray do me the favour when we meet again not to place yourself under my protection; saying this the gentleman vanished. [*Lon. Pap.*]

ANTIPATHIES.

Henry III. of France could not remain alone in a room in which there was a cat. The Duke *d'Epernon* used to faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal *d'Albert* was indisposed at table whenever they served up a young wild boar, or a sucking pig. *Uladislas*, king of Poland, was deranged and took to flight whenever apples were brought before him. *Erasmus* could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. *Scaliger* trembled at the sight of water-cresses. *Tycho Brache* felt his limbs sink under him whenever he

met a hare or fox. The Chancellor *Baron* swooned whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. *Boyle* fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water from the cock. *La Mothe le Vayer* could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleasure from the noise of thunder. An Englishman, in the last century was near expiring whenever they read to him the 53d chapter of *Isaiah*, and a Spaniard nearly at the same time, fell into a *syncope* whenever he heard the word *lana* (wool) though his coat was made of that material.

A Chinese silver-smith, to whom the Europeans at Canton had given the name of Tom Work, brought home some silver spoons, as he called them, to a Captain of a ship, who had ordered them. The gentleman suspecting that his friend Tom had played him a trick common in China, of putting no small quantity of *tutenague* to the usual proportion of alloy, taxed him with the cheat, which he denied with the strongest asseverations of his innocence. The Captain then told him, that he had brought with him a famous water, called *lie-water*, which being placed on the tongue of a person suspected of telling an untruth, if the case were so, burnt a hole in it; if otherwise, the party escaped with honour, and unhurt. Tom having no faith in the water, readily consented to

the experiment; upon which, with much form, a single drop of *agua fortis* was put upon his tongue. He instantly jumped about the room, in violent pain, crying out, "Very true, half *tutenague*, half *tutenague*," in hopes that confessing the fact might put a stop to the operation of the *lie-water*, which, from the pain he felt, he had some reason to think possessed the quality ascribed to it. Several Europeans who were present, and who had bought different pieces of plate from him, now put similar questions to him, and he confessed that it had been his uniform and constant practice to add a very large proportion of *tutenague* to every article made at his shop, for which, during the continuance of the pain, he promised ample reparation.

A short time since, Miss *Priscilla Thackthwait*, of Hertfordshire, England, with a fortune of 4000*l.* entered the matrimonial state. She had declared her intention to espouse either a soldier, sailor, cobbler, or chimney-sweeper, and was accordingly courted by each of those professions. The soldier *marched* up to attack the fair in high style, and executed his best *manoeuvres*. The sailor *decked* himself out in his gayest *colours*, and looked very *stern* at his rivals. The cobbler swore his *sole* was on fire, and that his love should *wax* warmer and warmer to the very

last; but the sweep brushed them all off, as Miss Priskey, being enamoured of his aspiring disposition, declared he scooted her the best.

Mr. Printer,

As you are in the habit of noting blunders and ridiculing those who make them, you cannot, in my opinion, have any objection to inserting the two succeeding, which appeared in a morning paper of this city. I have seen a piece, entitled "*Errors of the Press*," in which your mistakes are handsomely and I think very justly censured, and which if I can lay my hands on you shall have for insertion. You ought to be careful, sir, in setting the type, that you make no omissions or additions, nor transpose letters and lines, so as to make whole paragraphs incomprehensible. Every man is not capable of rectifying the errors you would carelessly lead him into. I, for my own part, acknowledge, tho' you must know I'm counted a WIT in the little circle of my acquaintance, that even the following (I now perceive) glaring blunders would have escaped my notice, were it not for the keen perceptions of my friends DAUBER and FELT, who, as I read aloud, bawled out, stentor-like, Bulls! Bulls! by Jupiter!!!

LOON.

"DIED,

"On Friday evening, by the Rev Mr. Hall, Mr. William Griffiths, to Mrs. Sarah Johnson, both of this city."

"AT PRIVATE SALE,

"The Person who is in possession of a new fire-bucket marked John Vanderbilt, No. 153 Water-street, and was used at the late fire in said street."

SOLUTION of the Enigmatical List of Batchelors in Chatham-street.

1. Mr. Booream. 2. Mr. Freeman. 3. Mr. Sammis. 4. Mr.

Kelly. 5. Mr. Johnson. 6. Mr. Decker. 7. Mr. Wiggins. 8. Mr. Gassner. 9. Mr. Jayne. 10. Mr. Schmelzel.

A. M.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Capt. Robert Dawson, to Miss Isabella Morton, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. John L. Fonda, merchant, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Eliza Brooks, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. William Stewart, to Mrs. Catharine Hopkins, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Gilbert B. Mott, to Miss Elizabeth Sayres, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Sayres, all of this city.

On Monday, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Abraham Thorp, to Miss Mary Dodge, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Charles Graham, esq. to Miss Sarah Matilda Hunter, daughter of Geo. Hunter, esq. deceased.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Minese, Mr. Hood Forman, to Miss Maria Colett, all of this city.

DIED,

On Thursday evening, 16th inst. after a very short illness, Mr. Cornelius Wynkoop, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, in the 66th year of his age.

On Thursday, 16th inst. of a lingering illness, Mr. John Sharp, a native of Cork, Ireland.

On Wednesday, 15th inst. at his seat in Schodack, the Hon. Robert Woodworth, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 16th inst. in the 19th year of her age, Miss Clara Foster, daughter of Mr. Peter Foster, of Sag-Harbour, Long-Island.

On Monday, Mrs. Elizabeth Shields.

Our City Inspector reports the death of 44 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.
Sir,

I enclose you my first attempt at poetry. If upon a critical examination you shall deem it worthy a place in your Miscellany, I shall consider myself highly honoured, and will, from time to time, trouble you with my performances.

A Subscriber.

TO MISS W—ns.

WHEN Wit and Science trimm'd their
wither'd lays,
At PETRARCH'S voice, and beam'd
with half their rays,
Some Heaven-born genius, panting 't
explore
The scenes Oblivion wish'd to live no
more,
Found ABELARD in Grief's sad pomp
array'd—
And call'd the melting mourner from
the shade;
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at
his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to
age:
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the
man,
Pride dropp'd her crest, Ambition
learn'd to sigh,

And dove-like pity stream'd in ev'ry
eye;

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond
to warm

Each maid, that knows with ELOISA to
charm,

He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines! and wildly lives along the
lyre!

Bids all his warriors passions throb
anew,

And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from
you!

O bless'd with temper, bless'd with
skill to pour

Life's every comfort on each social
hour,

Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy
mein,

Too grave for folly, and too gay for
spleen;

Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to
fire;

To bend as judgment tells thee how to
please,

Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with
ease;

Alike to Virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy
own!

These are thy honours, these will charms
supply

When these dear scenes, shall set in ei-
ther eye;

While she who fond of dress, of paint,
and place,

Aims but to be a goddess in the face;

Born all her sex illumines to despise,

Too mad for thought, too pretty to be
wise,

Moves for a year, fantastically vain,

With half our FRIBBLE'S dying in her
train;

Then sinks, as beauty fades, and passion
cools,

The scorn of coxcombs, and the sport of
fools!

GUSTAVUS.

STANZA.

NOW recedes the waning moon,
 Checqu'ring o'er the trembling grove,
 Night's serene and starry noon
 Decks the cot of her I love.

Now each flow'ret's emerald stem
 Bends beneath the tears of Night,
 Now each blossom boasts a gem
 Shedding soften'd rays of light.

Illumin'd now the mould'ring tow'r,
 The distant spire, the trophied tomb,
 The wat'ry glade, the woodbine bow'r,
 And foliag'd forests deepest gloom.

With "lips of glæ" now Silence reigns,
 See Night in silver mantle drest,
 In peerless splendour walk the plains,
 While list'ning Echo sinks to rest.

ON THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

AT thy approach enchanting Spring,
 The meadows laugh, the valleys sing,
 And Nature all looks gay:
 The sun shines out with friendly beams,
 And dancing in the chrystal streams,
 Adds beauty to the day.

How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
 Where linnets warble thro' the grove,
 And blackbirds sweetly sing;
 The mellow bull-finch, and the thrush,
 The concert join from ev'ry bush,
 To welcome in the Spring.

Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
 Where falling objects soothe the mind,
 Or lull to soft repose;
 Our thoughts on rural subjects bent,
 Enjoy a calm, a sweet content,
 That grandeur seldom knows.

Woods, hills, and plains, own Nature's
 King,

Who rules the seasons, decks the
 Spring.

With pow'r and skill divine:
 The lowing herds their Maker praise,
 And songsters, in harmonious lays,
 The grateful tribute join.

.....

EPITAPH.

STAY, lone'y wanderer, and, with pity
 mourn,

O'er gentle Bertha's grassy mound;
 No earthly trophies deck her sacred
 urn,

In Death's cold arms she sleeps pro-
 found.

Alas! poor Bertha! now thy days are
 past,

Snatch'd in thy prime!—by Death's
 dark torrent driv'n;

Once blooming virgin! thou hast
 chang'd at last

This mortal state, for lasting joys in
 Heav'n.

FERNANDO.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscrib-
 ers at *one dollar* a volume, to be
paid for at the conclusion of the vo-
lume. Persons residing out of this
 city, to *pay in advance.*

Postage of letters to the Editor
 must be paid, or their contents
 will not be attended to.

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